THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

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GREAT BEND. - - - - KANSAS.

THE TRANQUIL HARBOR.

No waves rise here from sweeping gales,
When clouds hang threatening, wild and dark;
No moaning winds strike frozen sails,
And anchored is the weary bark.

The vessel lies at tranquil rest,
Secure against the tempest blow,
With peaceful waters round her breast,
And dreamy sunshine in its flow.

And so the grave receives the form
Of those whose road and toil have ceased;
Where comes no cloud nor furious storm,
And hearts from trials are released.

No winds disturb this quiet port;
No thunder jars this calm retreat;
No cannon blaze from hostile fort;
No warlike ships with frowning meet.

Here Anger never deals a stroke;
Here Envy never stabs with hate;
Oppression brings no galling yoke;
Ambition breaks no hindering gate.

Here Guilt comes not with ashen fears;
Here Pride struts not with haughty eyes;
No Sorrow bends with scalding tears,
No Hardship prays for smiling skies.

Here rest the wealthy and the poor:
Here sleep the humble and the great;
Those who have knelt on cottage floor,
Those who have shone in royal state.

Here come the mighty and the weak;
Here drop the towering and the small;
While rivers flow and planets speak,
The grave receives and equals all.

—*J. Hazard Hartzell, in N. Y. Observer.*

MIRABEAU'S TEST.

A Mysterious Robber and His Grim Jest.

Not far from Limoges, capital of the French Province Limousin, stood the castle of Count de Saillant, widely known throughout the last third of the Eighteenth century as a gay place of assembly for convivial, congenial spirits—old-time French hospitality offering a hearty welcome to all who could boast an untarnished ancestral name.

Count de Saillant had married the sister of the Count Honore Gabriel Victor Mirabeau, afterward the world-renowned hero of the French Revolution, and at this time known all over France for his wild adventures and mad pranks. His brother-in-law and sister were at present expecting a visit from him at the gay castle, and here he finally arrived one day in autumn of the year 1780.

At this period Mirabeau was in the thirty-first year of his age; a muscular, beautifully-formed man below his massive, disproportioned head, disfigured by the large mouth, immense nose and a countenance distressingly marred by small-pox, but from which glowed a pair of fiery, expressive eyes. In every direction were the bold, reckless adventures of the young Count known—wild tricks that had more than once cast him into prison, and it is not surprising that it was with considerable fear and anxiety that the simple, timid country people of Limousin awaited the advent of this intrepid character in their midst.

But never did preconceived impressions appear more unfounded; Mirabeau abode quietly at the castle of his brother-in-law, just as did the other pleasure-seekers; guilty of no extravagances or follies, till Count de Saillant and his wife were forced to express their admiration of his exemplary conduct, and almost believed that the "mad-cap" had at last grown wise.

Quietly and uneventfully the weeks flew by until winter approached, and throughout this time Mirabeau was the center of attraction in the gay circle that assembled each evening at Castle Saillant. He argued with the priests until the poor, unsophisticated clericals were completely silenced by his unanswerable philosophical questions. To the easy-going noblemen he solemnly foretold the speedy approach of a wholly new era, when the despised third class, and the yet more despised rabble, would rise with irresistible power and crush with iron heel the haughty aristocrats, until, excited by his grim prophecies, his exasperated listeners would swear long and loud by their dauntless courage that never could the nobility or monarchy of France have aught to fear from the dastardly populace.

But such boasts were received only with laughter by Mirabeau; and, with cool candor, he asserted that there were no longer heroes to be found among the effeminate, enervated aristocracy, which would fall as mown grass before the overwhelming numbers of the *canaille*.

It was evident, however, that mere words could not intimidate the chivalric lords of Limousin; fearlessly they defied all such forebodings, and truly, in their quiet, peaceful province, there was still little to suggest fear, though in other sections of France was already the ripe seed of revolution falling on fruitful soil.

Not only did Mirabeau fail in finding one to credit his predictions, but many of his hearers considered their bravery and honor insulted by such unflattering prognostications, and withdrew from his society offended. This did not appear to trouble him seriously, for not unfrequently he was exceedingly bored by the narrow-minded people about him; and now, after whiling away his morning hours agreeably in the fine library of the castle, he found pleasant recreation for the afternoons in long rambles through the surrounding forest; his gun invariably accompanied him on these solitary excursions, but such was his habitual abstraction and absorption of mind that the feathered denizens of the wood soon found that they had little to fear from the intruder.

It was on one of the early days of November that the monotony of the castle life was interrupted by an exciting sensation; a bold and daring robbery had been committed within its immediate precincts. Just at twilight, as a neighboring nobleman, a frequent guest of the house, was traversing the customary road through the forest, a gun-barrel was suddenly thrust between the thick bushes, while a deep, hoarse voice cried sternly:

"Halt! Your money or your life!"

Feeling no desire, as the nobleman afterward explained, to yield his life for the sake of a few *louis d'or*, he instantly threw his purse upon the ground and dashed off without venturing to look back.

Robberies, or serious crimes of any kind, were of rare occurrence in Limousin, and less frequently still were they ever traceable to the quiet inhabitants, but almost invariably to highwaymen, from a distance, passing through the province. It was at once surmised, therefore, that this audacious deed must be the work of some such intruder, and Count de Saillant gave wholesale instruction to spare no effort in the discovery of the depredator; but all in vain. No trace of the bold marauder rewarded their search.

But what was the astonishment, alarm and consternation of the whole community when, in quick succession, robbery after robbery of the same nature followed, each and all committed in the same mysterious manner, always at twilight, on the forest road, and the base attack always confined to the wealthy, intimate frequenters of the castle. Within a fortnight no less than eight of these fearless assaults had been successfully accomplished, as guests went to or from the Count's residence, the closest investigation and vigilance proving utterly futile to discover the expert highwayman.

And not one of the victims had either possessed the courage, or thought it wise, to show fight; obeying the mandate of the imperious voice, each in turn had with alacrity resigned his purse. A few, it is true, had manifested sufficient bravery to look back in their hasty flight, and were thus enabled to give some information concerning the appearance of the scoundrel as he stepped forward to take possession of his booty; and in every instance he was depicted as a man of gigantic size, wearing a mask—a kind of demon in human form, upon whom, it was evident, a pistol shot or sword thrust would prove harmless. Some had even been armed at the time of attack, but considered it useless to avail themselves of the advantage.

Count Mirabeau laughed heartily over the stories of the bandit, and railed unmercifully the faint-hearted knights of Limousin for thus permitting themselves to be plundered by a country vagabond; but they resolutely rejoined that he would prove no more courageous than they, if once attacked. In vain Mirabeau assured them that he roamed the forest daily, hoping to encounter the mysterious freebooter, and that nothing would afford him greater pleasure than a meeting, when he would engage to deliver him a prisoner at the castle.

Meanwhile the proper authorities were by no means dilatory or negligent; every effort was diligently employed to discover the author of the outrages, but in vain. He remained enshrouded in impenetrable mystery.

It was late in the evening of the fifteenth of November that the Marquis of Charras, a worthy nobleman, of middle age, rode slowly on his way to Castle Saillant. Twilight had already fallen on the forest; it was perfectly still, and the stars shining serenely overhead, while the full moon rose in majestic beauty, lighting the trees with fantastic splendor, as the falling leaves floated silently from the dying branches.

The insecurity of the path he traveled was well known to the Marquis, and, advancing deeper into the woods, he spurred his horse to faster speed, inwardly wishing that he had not ventured thus into the solitude alone.

Nor did the wish prove a needless one; scarcely had he proceeded a hundred steps further when the click of a gun hammer startled him, and the next instant the muzzle of the weapon was bearing close upon him, while a dark form suddenly appeared beneath a towering oak, and in a calm, resolute voice ordered:

"Halt! Your purse, my lord, or you stir not further!"

Instantly the Marquis realized that he stood faced by the same dilemma ruthlessly forced upon many before him, and quite as reluctant as they to sacrifice his life for the small sum he carried, scornfully cast his purse upon the ground, riding slowly forward, but saying, as he did so:

"You follow a risky trade, fellow; I warrant it will yet bring you to the gallows!"

"That's my risk," replied the highwayman, coolly advancing from the shadow of the oak into the clear moonlight to seize the purse.

But just as he stooped for the prize the fastening of his mask suddenly snapped, and it dropped to the ground, leaving his face clearly revealed; at the same moment the Marquis again looked back, and the woods echoed with a startled cry of astonishment.

"Can it be possible?" he cried, gazing as though paralyzed with bewilderment. "Who could ever have suspected this? Despicable man, you are at last discovered, and now an end to your rascally deeds!"

The bandit, with no show of confusion, however; merely smiled, and pointing his gun threateningly at the Marquis, the latter put spurs to his horse and sped onward to the castle.

"And now this fine support must really come to an end, I suppose," said the robber, quietly: "How unfortunate! It has afforded me infinite amusement!" And turning into a by-path, he also directed his steps towards the castle.

Breathless, the Marquis arrived at the house, but finding the Count absent, proceeded as quietly as he could to the saloon, where a number of his acquaintances were assembled around the hostess, who was gracefully doing the honors of the house.

Although carefully repressing all allusion to his recent adventure, he could not escape remark upon his abstracted silence, and some joked him upon his humor; but he could only cast sad, compassionate glances toward the Countess, as she chatted gayly, utterly unconscious of the cloud above her.

Ringing at last for a servant, she inquired if her brother, the Count, had yet returned from hunting, and receiving in reply the information that he had but just arrived, and had gone to his room, leaving his excuses on the plea of severe headache. An hour later Count de Saillant returned, and had scarcely finished his cordial greetings when the Marquis requested an interview, and the two withdrew to an adjoining room.

"Now, what is it, my dear Charras?" inquired the Count, serenely; "it appears to me you look somewhat downhearted."

"And truly, my dear friend, I have sufficient cause to look so," replied the Marquis, sadly; "for it grieves me inexpressibly to be the bearer of bad news."

"Then, for heaven's sake, Charras, don't keep me in suspense; out with it at once!" cried the Count.

"Not two hours since, while riding through the forest, I was attacked and robbed; I was forced to surrender my purse to preserve my life."

"Upon my word, I am truly sorry to hear that you, too, have been subjected to this villainy on my grounds," exclaimed Saillant; "but others have been likewise unfortunate, and I hope your loss has not been great."

"And do you suppose that I am grieving for a few pieces of gold?" interrupted his friend. "My dear Count, the worst is, I have discovered the bandit."

"What! you have recognized him? That is, indeed, good luck. Now, then, the bold rascal will be secured, and at once brought to the gallows. I will immediately—"

"No, no, my dear friend, do nothing yet," interrupted the other; "this affair must remain a secret, in order to avoid, if possible, the disgrace of a highly esteemed family. You have not yet learned the name of the bandit."

"Well, who is it?" demanded his friend.

"It is—"

"Why do you hesitate? It is not—I trust."

The Marquis came nearer. "Alas!" said he, "your worst fears are correct; the mysterious highwayman is none other than your own brother-in-law, the Count de Mirabeau."

Count de Saillant became deadly pale.

"Ha! the scoundrel!" he murmured; "has it come to this? You are *sure*, Marquis?"

"Only too, sure, my poor friend."

"You recognized him beyond all doubt?"

"Beyond all doubt; as he stooped to take the purse the mask fell from his face, and in the moonlight I could not fail to recognize the young Count."

"Did he perceive that you knew him?"

"Undoubtedly; I spoke a few threatening words to him that must have convinced him of it."

"What did he do then?"

"He coolly laughed, and aimed at me again with his gun, but I escaped. He arrived at the castle a half hour after I did, and, I hear, has gone at once to his room."

"You have spoken to no one else of this?" asked Saillant.

"No one."

"The villain!" cried the Count, beside himself with rage. "But he shall not escape punishment; he shall be at once apprehended and imprisoned for life, that no further disgrace may be brought upon his family."

The Marquis merely bowed a silent approval, adding, compassionately: "I will go back to the company, my friend; it is best that no unpleasant sensation be excited till the matter is further investigated."

"You are right, my good Charras," replied the Count; "and I will go at once to the wretched man."

While his guest returned to the saloon, the host endeavored to collect his bewildered senses, and repaired to the apartment of his brother-in-law.

Mirabeau lay sleeping soundly, a night-lamp burning dimly on the table near his bed.

Roughly and unceremoniously his visitor shook him by the shoulder, until, rubbing his eyes dreamily, the sleeper awoke.

"What on earth do you want?" he asked, staring at Saillant; "what are you waking me for at this time of night? is the castle on fire or what?"

"What do I want?" repeated the other, with smothered rage and scorn; "I want to tell you that you are a miserable, sneaking, cowardly scoundrel. That's what I want."

"Well, that *is* a fine compliment, to be sure," replied Mirabeau, coolly; "are you drunk, Saillant, or do you think it polite, now, to waken a man out of the sweetest slumber just to speak so rudely? Why can't you let a fellow enjoy the sleep of the righteous?"

And, with this, he quietly turned over on his side.

"The sleep of the righteous!" cried the Count, in uncontrollable wrath. "How can you pretend to sleep, shameless fellow that you are? You, *you* are the dastardly rogue that has been haunting my forest!"

"Well, that's true enough; I am the man; but is it for a little thing like *that*, that you are making all this untimely fuss?"

"A *little* thing!" shrieked Saillant. "None of that, sir. You think, perhaps that your highway robberies will be regarded as an idle prank; this very evening you have robbed my friend Charras; he has recognized you, and your shameful story is known and cries aloud for punishment."

"Well, for heaven's sake, brother, why couldn't you wait till morning to confide to me this pleasant information?" asked Mirabeau with undisturbed coolness. "It is true that I have robbed your friend Charras, and the eight others, but what does that prove against me?"

"And you can ask such an idiotic question?" cried Saillant. "For my part, I should say it proves you a good-for-nothing scoundrel."

"I fail to see it in just that light, dear brother," answered the other meekly; "but I think your conduct proves you a senseless fool. Can you really pretend to believe that I have robbed these cowardly nobles for the sake of a few paltry louis d'or? It was simply an experiment; I wished to prove their courage, and my own also. It is true the experiment was a risky one, but has been thoroughly satisfactory on my side, while proving your friends miserable cowards, who would, in truth succumb to the very first struggle with the *canaille*."

Taking a key from the table near him, he now presented it to the Count, saying:

"Open my desk there and remove the second drawer."

Utterly bewildered by Mirabeau's imperturbable *nonchalance*, Saillant silently obeyed.

Within the drawer lay nine purses, a paper affixed to each bearing the name of the former owner.

"Perhaps this will satisfy you that it has never been my intention to enrich myself through the possessions of others," said Mirabeau, scornfully. "It was my full determination to return the purses to their original owners, and which can easily be done in the morning. Assemble your friends together, and I will give them a full explanation before taking my departure, important letters already calling me elsewhere. And now, brother, if you are satisfied, I would like to say good-night."

Count de Saillant answered not a word; bewildered, he quietly left the room, convinced, at least, that his relative was no ordinary highwayman; but he had also caught a full glimpse of the daring, relentless spirit of the man who afterward became the Titan of the French Revolution.

On the following day Mirabeau took leave of his Limousin friends in the following manner:

"Gentlemen," said he, with indescribable *sang froid*, "pardon the little experiment I have tried on you in order to prove my own courage; your property has been returned, and my brother-in-law has given what, I hope, is a satisfactory explanation; if it has proved otherwise, however, I am quite prepared and willing to offer honorable satisfaction to any one desiring it. I regret to say that this dull country, forcing one to play bandit to relieve the stagnation of life, is no longer congenial to me, and as I am now about to enter the more exciting pleasures of the political arena, I wish only to bid you farewell."

It was quite evident that none of those present desired to cross swords with the grimly humorous Count; the gentlemen stood somewhat abashed before him, and their eyes fell before his intrepid gaze. The Marquis of Charras, finally forcing his features to assume a smile, blandly remarked that the whole affair was regarded as a very good joke, and his companions made no objection to this settlement of the matter.—*Translated from the French.*

KILDA ISLANDERS.

A Little World in Strange Contrast to the Busy Life of This Century.

In these days of railroads and telegraphs it seems impossible that any civilized people can be cut off from newspapers and post-offices. But the little island of Kilda, north of Scotland, has a regular communication with the mainland only once a year. The agent of the owner visits the island once a year to collect rents, and carries with him a package of letters and newspapers. There are now only six families on the island, composed of seventy-three persons, and the number is gradually diminishing. Their fare is made up of barley bread, eggs and sea-birds. Fish abound in the waters, but the islanders do not like them as food, and catch them only for sale. They weave rough clothing and blankets, and sell them to pay rent. In the summer they cultivate gardens, collect birds and eggs for winter stores, and fish for trade. But these poor people, while fighting a hard battle for life, are contented with their lot. Crime and intemperance are unknown among them, and courts are never held. All the adults are members of the Church of Scotland, and know a large part of the Bible by heart. A minister resides among them, and holds regular service on Sunday and during the week. This little world is in strange contrast to the busy life of the nineteenth century.—*Youth's Companion.*

—A musty cellar is death to milk or cream, but it seems impossible to pound it into the heads of some people. More butter is ruined by bad cellars and caves than from any other cause on the farm.

SUBMARINE CABLES.

The General Plan Adopted for Laying and Insulating the Wires.

One of the problems of early attempts to establish submarine telegraph lines was to secure an effective mode of insulating the wires. The first substance used that seemed at all adequate to the purpose was gutta percha, and this, it was found, must also be protected. A cable insulated with an outside coat of gutta percha simply was laid between Dover and Calais in 1850, and worked one day only. The following year another cable was laid between these two places, in which the wires, after being insulated with gutta percha, were protected by an armor of ten heavy wires. This is still in working order. The general plan of making submarine cables is much the same. In the first place, if more than one conducting wire is used, each must be insulated from the others. Copper wires are employed, and each one is coated with two or more concentric layers of gutta percha. These are then laid together for the center strand, and about them all are laid at least three—more often four—layers of gutta percha, and besides, between these layers, a peculiar insulating compound, composed of melted gutta percha, wood-tar and rosin is applied, which not only penetrates into the pores of the gutta percha, but also by its adhesiveness unites the layers with each other. Before these layers are put on the wires are tested to make sure that they are free from defects, that their conducticity and insulation are perfect. Around the gutta percha layers a wrapping of tarred hemp, technically called the bedding, is placed. This hemp is in strands, and by the use of a machine made for the purpose the strands are spun around the cable. After the core has been covered with hemp it passes through the armoring machine, by which the outside covering is put on. This is either of fine iron strands, spun into wires, or iron wires covered with hemp, or copper bands. It is necessary that deep-sea cables should be as light and at the same time as durable as possible. At first heavy iron sheathing was used, but it was apt to break in deep water, and therefore the wires were substituted. Though cables must be made stronger for deep-sea water use, because of the pressure upon them, in the shallower water near the coast they are more liable to injury from icebergs, the anchors of vessels, and the attacks of sea animals. For this reason the shore ends are provided with a heavier armor than that used for the line farther out.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

SEBASTAPOL REBUILT.

Restoration to Its Former Importance of the Famous Crimean Town.

At the present rapid rate of restoration the historic ruins of Sebastopol will in another twelve months have given place to entirely new structures. The population of Sebastopol ten years ago was some 12,000, it is now closely approaching 40,000. These figures sufficiently indicate the rapid development of the new city and port which is destined to become the headquarters of the powerful Black Sea fleet now being created. It was in 1784 that Sebastopol was founded by the Russians under a ukase of Catherine II. on the site of the old Tartar settlement Akhtiar; but Nicholas was the first Czar to invest the place with any importance as a naval and military port. After the eleven months' siege during the Crimean war there remained standing intact only fourteen buildings. Subsequently the Government, with a view to promote the commercial development of the port, granted an annual subsidy to the city of 750,000 roubles. This subsidy, with railway communication with the interior, gave a first and successful impulse to the commercial port. Now, however, the Government is intent on making Sebastopol its greatest southern naval headquarters. It has this great advantage over all other Crimean ports, that its navigation is never closed by ice. Last year 139 British steamers entered and loaded at Sebastopol. Sebastopol has during recent years developed into a very pleasant watering-place, more especially since the completion of the new Marine boulevard and a number of bathing institutions. The yearly-increasing number of summer visitors and tourists have given rise to a number of large, well-equipped and commodious hotels.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

The Sea Salt Craze.

The majority of our readers will remember the blue-glass craze which raged so furiously in 1871-2. The manufactories of blue glass reaped an enormous harvest, and people who never allowed the sun to shine upon them before permitted its beams to reach them through blue glass hung in convenient southern windows. There are some indications that another craze is coming to take the place of blue glass and the more recent furor for hot water. The latest is the consumption of sea salt or rock salt from Turk's Island as a cure for nearly all the ills of the body. The craze has reached Utica and is traveling this way. So far, the sea salt eaten in season and out of season has been found to cure consumption, dyspepsia and kidney difficulty, headache and general good-for-nothingness.—*Rochester Democrat.*

—A nice young schoolmistress of Cornellsville, Pa., had among her pupils a bad boy whom she attempted to punish. She found he was too big for her, but her young man happening in before school was out, she asked his aid, and with it thrashed the boy. Now the boy's pa threatens to sue the teacher's young man for assault and battery.—*Chicago Herald.*

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—There is no overproduction of the best varieties of fruits.

—Try hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain and renew frequently.

—Trees are the cheapest as well as the finest ornaments for prairie farms.

—Be sure to keep your dish-cloth clean, as some physicians claim that diphtheria will start from using greasy dish-cloths.

—If a child shows ability or talent in any direction, allow him to cultivate it. Encourage and praise his efforts. Let him know he is appreciated, and that his plans and purposes are matters of vital interest to his parents.

—Cinnamon Buns.—Reserve one quart of dough when making bread; work in a cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter and roll half an inch thick, cut in large biscuits, spread with sugar and cinnamon. Let rise and bake.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—There are many considerations to be thought of and decided upon when you intend to keep fowls for market and laying eggs. Those that are prolific and will put on fat kindly and make good eating when slaughtered, are the kinds you want.—*American Poultry Journal.*

—The Black Dorset pig has been introduced in this country. They have small, stocky heads, short noses, are heavily jointed, the necks are short, the legs, set under compact, closely-made bodies, are short and strong. They are said to be hearty and fatten readily.

—Saving Steps.—It costs nothing to keep broom and dustpan and saves time to have two or three, one for the kitchen use, one for the sitting-room, and one to sweep feet in winter. There should always be a set place for these and each member of the family required to keep them there. Shears are needed many times during the day, and a pair should be in every room, also a coarse needle and thread. A good pincushion will always find customers, and plenty of match safes are indispensable.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

CLEAR COMPLEXION.

A Few Uninjurious Ways in Which Ladies Can Secure It.

It has long been an established fact that spring winds are harmful to the complexion, and those wishing to preserve such should never go abroad without wearing over the face a thin gauze veil. Do not bathe the skin in warm water immediately before going out into the air, as this opens the pores, giving to the wind opportunity of chapping the skin, making it rough and disagreeable. Though many women use both warm and cold water for the face, going out in all kinds of weather utterly regardless of the effects it may have on the complexion, nevertheless, a clear, soft skin is something to be desired by all. Few cosmetics are entirely harmless, therefore the safest way is to avoid using any of them.

Oatmeal soaked over night until it is of the consistency of glue, and applied to the face and worked thoroughly in, has been used by many successfully. A small bag of bran left over night in the same way is also excellent for softening the skin.

A light dusting baby powder, which has been stated on good authority does not injure the skin, but, on the contrary, projects the pores from absorbing foreign matter, may be used to allay the irritation usually attendant on coming in from a biting wind. Many women use cold cream or vaseline at night, rubbing it well into the skin, which, it is said, refines the grain. This for the best results should be applied after a warm bath.

An excellent receipt for improving the complexion, particularly if the skin is coarse, is the following: Take flowers of sulphur and mix in a little milk; let it stand for an hour or two; rub the milk into the skin without disturbing the sulphur. It will clear and soften the skin wonderfully. Another simple method for clearing the complexion, which is within the reach of all, though it would not be advisable to try it until the warm weather, is: Make a mask of cotton batting, cutting out places for eyes and mouth; on retiring for the night thoroughly dampen it in cold water, and fasten on the face with tapes sewed on both sides, so as to tie behind. In the morning it will be found to be perfectly dry, the skin having absorbed the moisture. This, being perfectly harmless, when used in warm weather and persisted in for some time, will make the skin smooth and soft. It is particularly applicable to a dry, hard skin. These are a few of the uninjurious ways in which any woman who desires may improve her complexion.—*Boston Budget.*

Destroy Weeds When Small.

Weeds may be a blessing, but it is only when they force us to give thorough cultivation that we might not otherwise bestow. We should not wait until the weeds press us to cultivate. Thorough plowing and harrowing the ground until it is in fine condition not only makes the work of planting easier, but it enables us to begin cultivation early, and to do more thorough work. In finely pulverized soil the plow can run closer to the plants, more completely destroying the weeds, which are much easier killed while they are small. Thoroughly destroying the weeds at the first two cultivations makes the subsequent work comparatively easy, and gives the young plants a chance to outgrow the weeds. Small weeds can easily be destroyed by means of the harrow or hand rake, if the work is done soon after they come up.—*N. J. Shepherd, in Prairie Farmer.*